NEWS FROM HELL:

OR, THE

Devils Court IN AN UPROAR.

HIS
DEVILSHIPS falling Sick, upon the News of the Pope and Poperies likely Downfal.

HIS
Last WILL and TESTAMENT.

HIS
LEGACIES to the POPE and JESUITS;
AND
To other SINNERS in particular.

WRITTEN by S. V.

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NEWS FROM HELL:

OR,

The Devils Court in an Uproar.

THe Devil upon his late Conference with, and the courteous Entertainment, and fair Promiſes he received from his Holineſs the Pope, they having joyntly conſidered and taken care for the good of Souls; that is, how he may have whole ſhoales come in amain; which he is certain to have, if that they will but embrace his Holineſſes Doctrines, and put in practice his moſt Immaculate Commands; as in Murthering Hereticks, Depoſing of Princes, Blowing up of Parliaments, and ſuch like: his Devilſhip, I ſay, has been carouſing it amongſt his damnable Aſſociates, and kept open Houſe for all that came; which I verily believe few have done beſides a Jeſuit or two. But on a ſudden he heard an Eccho crying, Honeſty begins to get ground, Popery like to be wholly ſuppreſt, and Virtue like to be embraced: At which the Grand *Sophy* of the Satanical Synagogue belched out a groan, the rebound of which left all the *Stygian* Hell-hounds in a moſt clamorous howling; they preſently run all about their Father of miſchief, to know what quaim came over his ſtomach. He darting an eye upon them able to confound a thouſand Conjurers in their own Circles, (though with a wet finger they could fetch up a little Devil) mumbling out, Hell is undone. Why? yelped all the reſt. An Armado (quoth he) cannot ſave us. Our Legions in the World next above are overthrown; all thoſe Battalions that warred under the Colours of our red and fiery Dragon, are debauched: ſuffer this brack in our Acherontick Territories, and hotter aſſaſſinations will every day pell-mell maul us. All about him cryed, They would never endure it.

Jeſuits.

Whileſt this indigeſted miſchief lay broiling on their ſtomachs, room was made for an Intelligencer. The Devil gnaſhed his teeth, and asked, If the news were currant? It was anſwered, Yes.

Jeſuit.

Hey (cryes the Meſſenger) to unclaſp a Book of my *memorandum*,

dum; Let me be hung in Chains of Ice, (as you are in Fire, if I lye) and be bound to eat Flakes in the frozen *Zone* for a thousand years, if the Globe of the Terrestrial World be not new moulded; the Ball of it hath none of the old stuffing: Catholicks turn Hereticks, Jesuits burn their Books and Beads; *Bellarmine*'s Doctrines, which by your assistance have got ground, are now confuted; Transubstantiation turned out of doors. Not an Inch of Knavery in a short time will be had for Love nor Money. If you would give a Million of Gold, you shall not have a Courtier ere long in Debt; if you would bestow a thousand Pounds worth of Tobacco on a Souldier to swear a Garrison-Oath, he would die ere he will do it. All Rich Men besides begin to be Liberal, Poor Men not Contentious, Beggars not Drunk, Lawyers not Covetous, rich Heirs not riotous, Citizens not envious, Clowns most religious. No more, cryed the *Tartarian Tramagrant*. The other stop'd in his careere; and it was time: for this last Cannon shot through both his Broad-sides; the fall of this Mill-stone had almost burst his Heart; he sighed nothing but flashes of Fire; spit nothing but flakes of Brimstone; wept nothing but scoops full of Scalding water: for now he saw the dilaceration of his own Luciferan Kingdom, and the Exaltation of his Enemies. Out of his presence he commanded all; they break their Necks for haste. He bawled for Musick; ten thousand Souls were presently set a yelling. He took no pleasure in it, he felt himself damnably heart-burnt; pangs worse than the tortures of everlasting Death fell upon him, and no hope of his recovery; which made an unexpressible howling in Hell.

No amendment being in him, he called for Physicians; but not one would come near him, they knew his payment too well: for Apothecaries they were subtle enough, and cared not for his custom. He then roared out for a cunning Scrivener to make his Will: one was at his elbow presently, him he hugged in his arms, and cryed out, Welcome my Son, thou shalt for ever bind me unto thee. Sir *Satrapas Sathan* then goes on, and tells him, He is faln into a low and miserable estate, his case is desperate; and therefore being utterly given over, he sends for him to make his last Will and Testament: and so Seignior *Scrivano* begins, and gallops as fast with his Pen, as Monsieur *Diabolo* could with his Chaps. The Will runs in these words, or words to this effect following: *Viz.*

His Will. BEhemah Dornschweyn, *Prince of all that lies betwixt the East and West, the North and South, mighty both on the Sea and the Land, chief Vayvode of Usury, Simony, Bribery, Perjury, Forgery, Tyranny, Blasphemy, Calumny, &c. (my Vassals and Deputies, with all their petty Officers under them) Patron of all that study the Black and Negromantick Arts, Father of all the roaring Boys, the Founder and Upholder of Paintings, Dawbings, Plaisterings, Pargettings, Censuring, Cementings, Winkle-filings, and botchings up of old decayed and weather-beaten Faces: being confounded and tormented in every Limb, but having my Memory and Wits fresh and lively, do make this my last Will and Testament in manner and form following.*

Legacies. Imprimis, *I will bequeath the World (whereof I am Prince) with all the Pleasures, Inticements, and sorcerous Vanities thereof, to be equally distributed amongst my Sons and Daughters; and because (of my own knowledge) I find very many of them to be damnably wicked: I lay upon all such a Fathers heavy curse, not caring though they hang in Hell, because they have run a villanous, impious, preposterous and devilish Life and Race.*

To Ladies. Item, *To all those Ladies, Gentlewomen, and Citizens Wives, (being set down by their Names in my black Book) to whose houses I have been welcome at midnight, my Will is, that they all shall mourn.*

To Usurers. Item, *I further will and bequeath to my loving and dearest Friends, the Usurers of this City, all such Moneys as are now, or hereafter shall be taken at above the rate of Ten in the Hundred.*

To Gallants that follow him. *My will is, that every Gentleman that serves me, shall be kept in his Chain; yea, the worst that hath followed me, let him go in a black Suit of durance.*

To Harlots. Item, *Whereas I have many base Daughters lurking about the Suburbs, I give to them Carbuncles a-piece, the biggest that can be gotten.*

To Bawds. *And to those Matrons (that for my sake have been ever dear to those my said Daughters) I give to each of them a bottle of the same Aqua Vitæ whereof I my self drink.*

To Bankrupts. Item, *I give my invisible Cloaks to all Bankrupts, because they have made them; but to one Poet only (called Poet Comedy) I give my best invisible Cloak, because it better fits his shoulders than my own, but chiefly, for that he will trim it up well, and line it with, Come not near me; or, Stand off: And because he is a Slip of mine own grafting, I likewise bequeath to him my best Slippers, to walk and play with his Keepers noses.*

Item,

Item, *I give to all Officers that love me, a brace of my own Angels to hang about their Necks as a remembrance of me.* To Officers.

Item, *My will is, that all the Brokers in* Long-lane *be sent to me with all speed possible, because I have much of them laid to pawn to me, which will (I know) never be redeemed; and what I give to them shall be in Hugger mugger: and for the rest of their Brethren about the City, let them be assured, they shall not be forgotten, because I hear they pray for me hourly; I pity these poor despised Souls, because if they should miss me, I know not what will become of them.* To Brokers.

Item, *I give towards the mending of the High ways between* Newgate *and* Tyburn, *all the Gravel that lies in the Kidneys, Reins and Bladders of Cheats, Usurers, Bawds, Harlots, and Whore-masters; and rather then these Gravel-pits should grow scanty, I will that they be supplied continually.* For repairing the way to Tyburn.

Item, *I give to all Jaylors and Keepers of Prisons, to every one of them, the Soul of a Bear, (to be Ravenous;) the Belly of a Wolf, (to be Cruel;) the Speech of a Dog, (to be Churlish;) the Talons of a Vulture, (to be Griping;) and my Countenance to bear them out in their Office, that they may look like Devils to the poor Prisoners.* To Jaylors.

Item, *My will is, that if any Bully-rock happen to be stabbed, swaggering or swearing in a Tavern (or to be killed in the quarrel of his Whore, let him be fetched hither in my own Name) because here he shall be both looked to, and provided for.* To Bullyrocks.

Item, *I give unto my white Sons, (whom the World call* Jesuits*) to each a thimble full of my Brains; for truly I have been more beholden to them, than to my loving Friends the Brokers; for by their making Adultery and Fornication Venial Sins, they have help me to thousands of Souls, which otherwise had never been wafted over into our Acherontick Territories.* To the Pope and Jesuits.

Lastly, *I make and ordain by this my last Will and Testament, a Common Barretor to be my Executor; and two Knights, who are my sworn Servants, and are of the Post (their Names and Service being nailed upon Pillars in* Westminster *Hall and Palace, I make them (albeit they are purblind) my Overseers; and for their pains therein, I will bequeath to each of them a great round Pearl to be worn in their Eyes, because I may be still in their sight when I am gone from them.* To the Devils Overseers.

And to testifie that this is my last and only Will which shall stand, I subscribe my Name unto it, thereby renouncing, retracting, revocating, disanulling, and quite cancelling all other Wills formerly by me made whatsoever: In witness whereof, all the States Infernal, Avernal, Acherontick,

cherontick, Stygian, Phlegetontick, and Periphlegetontick, have likewise ſubſcribed, in the year of our Reigning in the World 5674.

Monſieur *Noverint* (being a man whoſe conditions were too well known) had nothing ſaid to him at this time, becauſe the Devil was very bad, and had no ſtomach to talk of old reckonings (for Univerſe was in his debt) but had his payment, and was glad he got away.

Now as it often happens to rich Curmudgeons, that after they have ſettled their Eſtate on their Death-beds, (as they verily fear) and that their Wives gape to be Widows, that from their Husbands Coffin they may leap into a Coach and be Ladies; their Sons and Heirs curſing as faſt (as the Mothers pray) until the great Capon-bell ring out; the Daughters weeping (when they know their Portions) only becauſe they are not Marriageable; or if Marriageable, becauſe ere they mourn in black, they have not Suitors to make them merry: and the Kindred as greedy (for their parts) to ſee the Winding-ſheet laid out, that they may fetch their fat Legacies. And then (Oh terrible then!) the old Fox revives, falls to his ſleep, calls for his victuals, feels himſelf mend, remembers his Bags, cryes out for his Keys, ſeals up his Money; no talk of a Will, no hope of a Widow, no ſharing of his Wealth. Even the ſelf-ſame Pill took this *Diego Dæmonum*, and recovered upon it: for all his Children, Acquaintance, and Servants ſtanding about him, howling and crying for him, Behold! this howling of theirs made him almoſt out of his wits, that madneſs quickned his ſpirits, his ſpirits made him rouſe up himſelf, and with rouſing he began to look into what danger he was faln; and by looking into it, to deviſe Plots again to raiſe it. Hercupon a Synod was called of all the ſubtleſt and plagueſt Praters in Hell, of which there are good ſtore. *Magog Mammon* there diſcovers his Diſeaſe, the cauſe of it, and his peril: His fear is, that his Kingdom would now be ſorely ſhaken, and his ſorrows, becauſe all they ſhould be ſure to ſmart for it more then he himſelf; he therefore craves their Infernal counſel.

They all Confer, they Conſult, and from that Conſultation (after many Villanous Projects toſſed upon their Horns, like Dung upon Pitch-forks, and ſmelling worſe) this Advice was hatched, and had feathers ſtuck on the back, the reſt were pluckt naked: and this it was; That *Minotaure Polyphem* (the Sire of all thoſe Whelps barking thus in the Kennels of Hell) ſhould forthwith put fire into his old bones, and fall to thraſhing of the Dam to

get more Hell-hounds, (brave young Devils) whom he may (like Tumblers) hoyſt from one Friends ſhoulder up to another, and ſo pop them into the World; and they going again to Bull with other black Goblings, may ingender what Monſters they pleaſe, to ſet all the World, and all the People in it out of Tune; and the worſe Muſick they make, the more ſport it is for him.

This Act was Filed upon Record, moſt Voyces carried it away: The Councel flowed currant; the Court is adjourned; and the great *Beglherby* of *Limbo* falls hotly to his buſineſs. Now you muſt underſtand, that the Devil being able to get Children taller than any Man elſe, he had no ſooner touched his old *Laplandian Gnevora*, but ſhe as ſpeedily quickned; and no ſooner quickned, but was delivered, and lay In; and had at this Litter, or Burthen, two Twins.

The Father gave to each of them a Name; the one was called *Hypocriſie*, the other *Ingratitude*. *Hypocriſie* was put to Nurſe to an *Anabaptiſt* of *Amſterdam*, but *Ingratitude* was brought up at home. In a ſhort time they were able to practiſe any Tricks that were taught them: So that being ripe for Maſters, *Hypocriſie* was preſently bound to a Puritan Taylor by his Nurſe; and did nothing but make Cloaks for Religion to wear of a thouſand Colours. He ran away from the Taylor, and then dwelt with a Vizard-maker; and there he was the firſt that invented wearing of Two Faces under a Hood. After this he travelled into *Italy*, and there Learned (and ſince he hath Taught *Jeſuits*) to Embrace with one Arm, and Stab with another; to Smile in your Face, yet wiſh a Poniard in your Boſome; to Proteſt, and yet Lye; to ſwear Love, yet Hate mortally. From *Italy* he came into the *Low Countries*, where he would drink only with a full Glaſs, to over-reach you in your Cups of your Bargain. Out of *Germany* he is again come over into *England*; his Lodging is uncertain, for (like a Whore) he lies everywhere: he ſometimes is at Court, and is there exceeding full of Complements; he goes ſometimes like a thread-bare Scholer, but with looks humble as a Lamb's, and as innocent; but his Heart prouder than a Turks to a Chriſtian. He hath a bewitching Preſence, a ſweet Breath, a muſical Voyce, and a warm ſoft Hand; but it is dangerous to keep Company with him, becauſe he can alter himſelf into ſundry ſhapes: In the City he is a Dog, and will fawn upon you; in the Fields he is a Lyons Whelp, and will play with you; in the Sea he is a Mermaid, and will ſing to you: but that fawning

Both ſuits.

Further deſcription of a Jeſuit.

is

is but to reach at your Throat; that playing is to get you into his Paws; and that singing is nothing else, but to sink and confound you for ever.

This Picture of Perdition (*Hypocrisie*) was not drawn so smoothly, so cunningly, but his Brother (*Ingratitude*) though there went but a pair of shears betwixt them, was as ugly in shape, and as black in Soul; he was a Fiend in proportion, and a Fury in condition: It catcheth at any thing, but cannot see the Party from whom it receives.

This is that Torpedo, which if we touch, a numbness strikes all our joynts and we have no feeling one of another. This is he which maketh one forget God and his Country, the King and his Kindred, only to please the Devil his Father. He that this day hath been comforted with thy Fire, fed with thy Bread, relieved with thy Purse, and kept from being lousie with thy Linnen, to morrow will be ready to set the same House on fire that hid him from cold; for thy Bread, to give thee Stones; for the Money thou lentest him, to sell thee (like a *Judas*:) and for thy Linnen which wrapped him warm, glad to see thee in danger to go naked. Thus have we this *Gorgon* in his liveli colours; because therefore that the odiousness of this Beast should still be in our Eyes, God hath Hieroglyphically figured it in many of his Creatures.

The Viper is an Emblem of it, whose young ones gnaw out the Belly in which they were bred. So is the Mule, whose paunch being full with sucking, she kicks her Dam. So is the Ivy, which kills that by which it climbs. And so is Fire, which destroys its Nourisher.

My purpose was, when the Grand *Helen* had gotten these two Furies with nine Lives, only to have drawn the Curtains of her Child-bed in which she lay in, and to have shewn no more but the well-favored Faces of her pair of Monkies; but you see I have from her withered Teats brought them to their Cradles, from their Cradles carried them to Nurse, and from thence followed them till they were able to do service in the World: how they have sped, you hear; and how they are like to prosper, you may judge.

FINIS.